

WHEN THE GOLD RAYS FELL ON UR SKIN  
AND MY HAIR GOT CAUGHT IN THE WIND  
THE CHOIR SANG A MELANCHOLIC HYMN  
IN THE MORNING YOU WOULD BE GONE  
I'D BE MOURNING TRYIN' TO HOLD ON  
TO THE MEMORY OF YOUR LIPS  
GOD I'M SO LOVESICK  
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MEEEEEE?



Slay pookie ♡